

Cherry by Aestheticdenbrough

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Summary:

Bevmax thing idk enjoy

Cherry

Bev slides into the jeep, "hey, Maxine," he says teasingly, leaning over to peck her red lipstick onto Max's cheek.

"Hey, Beverly," Max says back with a smirk, starting the rickety car again to get going. The music starts back on,

Girls just wanna have fu-un, oh~ girls just wanna have fun

"Oh Cyndi lauper? Wouldn't have pegged you as that type," Bev asks as Max scrambles to change it. Bev's hand finds the top of Max's, "no, keep it, I like it."

Max looks a bit surprised, bringing her hand back to the wheel, pulling out of the driveway with the windows down and the song blasting.

"So, Mayfield, where are we off to?" Bev asks, putting her feet up.

"The ice cream place, the one with the neon lights," Max explains, speeding a little bit in the empty streets, the cool air rushing in the windows, lit dimly by streetlights and the car lights, a soothing moment for the both of them.

Max pulls into the small parking lot of Leah's, her favorite place, she definitely wants to share it with Bev. "It's older, still has that old fashioned feel, and it's not too expensive," she explains, shutting the car off and unbuckling.

The two girls clamber out, Beverly takes Max's hand in her own clumsily, drunk on happiness, the night sky only fuelling her contentment.

Max pulls Bev to the door, holding it open, "prettiest girls first," she grins.

"I think that means I should be holding it open for you," Bev teases, poking Max's nose and pulling her into the shop with her, "oooooh~! It's chilly in here," she says, shivering slightly. At that, Max removes her denim jacket, draping it over Bev's shoulders.

"Better?" She asks, tucking a strand of Beverly's hair behind her ear.

"Completely," Bev says, flushing up to her ears where Max's hand had brushed.

"Good. Now, ice cream, flavor?" Max asks, pulling Bev to the counter, hopping up on a stool and pointing at the menu, an old chalkboard on the wall.

"Vanilla cone dipped in cherry? What's that?" Bev asks, looking over to her grinning girlfriend.

"My favorite, it's like a cherry sauce that dries over the ice cream until it's like? Hard?" Max tries to explain, "it's amazing, though."

"I'll try it," Beverly says with a small smile, "it sounds good, and if you like it, I'm willing to try."

"You're my cherry," Max says teasingly, pausing for a moment after, "that made no sense," she laughs, hiding her face in her hands as she does subconsciously.

"Ah, remember when I popped your cherry?" Bev teases, playfully shoving Max's shoulder.

"oh I remember, that was nice," Max grins, "really nice," she jokes, going over to peck Bev's lips.

They order their ice cream, getting it quickly. Max's eyes light up when she gets hers, one of her few positive childhood memories. "Loved this kind since I was little, got it with my uncle and Aunt usually," she smiles, biting the top of the cherry flavored crust.

"Oh god you bite ice cream I hate you," Bev says through a laugh, covering her mouth.

"What! I'm not a demon, the shell is just nice!" She argues, shoving Bev's shoulder, "god, you're so judgemental," she teases, sticking her ice cream coated tongue out at Bev.

"Fine, I'll take it," Bev says back teasingly, sticking out her own tongue, both of them not going long before erupting into laughter.

Max takes a teasing lick of her ice cream, purposefully looking Bev in the eye as she does, Bev glaring back at her in response, "not in public, bad idea, love," she smirks, doing the same thing back at Max.

Max does it again, soon it was like a competition, their eyes locked, neither of them looking any further down than the eyes. The tension builds as they finish their cones, Max slapping a few bills on the counter to pay, pulling Bev closer to her by both hands, pecking her lips before Bev goes in for more. The sparks between them were nearly visible, pulling away breathlessly, looking around to make sure nobody had been watching.

They share another, more tender gaze, feeling close to each other despite no longer being touching. They clasp hands again, swinging their arms between as they walk to the door, the soft jingle signifying that they're leaving.

They get back into their seats, Max looking over at Bev when she speaks, "where to next, lovergirl?" She teases, rolling her window down again as Max starts the car.

"Oh, why I don't know, beverbaby," she teases, "okay yeah that nickname is trash, never again," she giggles, looking down for a second before her eyes go right back to the road.

Bev giggles too, her hand clasped over her mouth, "I don't know why you always cover your smile, it's beautiful, I like it," Max says simply in response, Bev moving her hand a little, offering an awkward version of the leftover smile.

"See? Gorgeous," Max teases, reaching over to pinch Beverly's cheek teasingly before returning it back to the wheel.

"God, I hate you," Bev sighs, shaking her head slowly, "but I love you."

"Good, it would make it awkward that I love you too if you didn't," Max smirks.

"You're such an asshat, I love it," Bev nearly purrs, reaching her hand over to Max's thigh and gripping it lightly, watching Max crumble slightly before taking a deep breath and focusing again. "Bothering you, Maximilian?" Bev teases, "wanna play firetruck? Wee woo wee woo," she teases, running her hand further up Max's thigh.

"Ohmygod, Bev, not while I'm driving," Max whines, "I will take you right back home," she teases.

Bev retracts her hand, "okayyyy," she says, "seriously though, where are we going?"

"Arcade, we gotta sneak in, but it's so worth it, I've got the quarters," Max grins, stopping near the strip where the arcade is, grabbing her black baseball cap from the back seat, "I've never gotten caught, and never lost."

"I'll put you up to the test. Winning. Not getting caught, that wouldn't do me any good," she chuckles, opening her door and getting out of the car, waiting for Max to get out, "race you!" She half shouts, making a break for the arcade.

Max bolts after her, "hey! No fair you started first!" She complains, skidding to a halt at the door after Bev.

"So, how do we get in?" Bev asks curiously, catching her breath.

Max produces a Bobby pin from her hair, proceeding immediately to pick the lock, Bev looking on a bit shocked, "I didn't know you could do that," she comments, watching as Max gets the door open.

"I'm not doing anything really bad," Max shrugs, "still paying for games, just at hours convenient for me," she smirks, grabbing Bev's hand and dragging her into the dark building.

"This place is old, no cameras," she tells Bev, pulling her to the Dig Dug machine, popping in two quarters and hearing the familiar tune of the game, pressing the button and moving the knob, getting near her old high score, showing her name at the top of the leaderboard, Mad Max.

"Not fair, need a fairer playing field," Bev argues, dragging Max to the

Pacman machine.

"I never play this," Max sighs, putting the quarters in for Bev.

Bev goes about the game, she doesn't usually play it either, but she does alright.

"Hey, I'm proud of you," Max teases, punching Bev's shoulder playfully when she sees the low score.

"Hey! I'm always winning when I'm with you," Bev teases.

"Fuck, you're smooth," Max smirks, pushing Bev up against the game, pressing their lips together.

Bev gets up on the game, wrapping her legs around Max's waist, pulling her in, her teeth grazing over Max's tongue, which elicits a deep sigh from Max.